UNFAIR TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The president has excited a feeling of somewhat churlish resentment and irritation among the host of "special correspondents" at Washington who represent western, southern, and eastern papers, as is evident from a mere reading of the dispatches, says Collier's Weekly. The correspondents magnify anything that shows the president in a bad light. They made columns and columns out of the Mrs. Miner Morris incident, and they have been somewhat overpleased at Mr. Roosevelt's authorization of the sketch of him in "Fads and Fancies." This feeling of irritation among newspaper men, as well as among many congressmen and private individuals, is due mainly to the president's lack of tact, a fault, but not one so serious as to blind us to the fact that American citizens should rejoice in the existence of Preisdent Roosevelt. Where is there another man whose inspiration carries to such large numbers of those who are fighting graft from Maine to California? How many can furnish sympathy and strength, as the President does, to men who have never seen him, but are trying to effect better things in their own communities? There are hundreds of men in public life, of the kind from whom presidents are chosen, who are unable to comprehend many of the things which the people need and want, and for which Mr. Roosevelt is a living dynamo of encouragement. We are not forgetting his faults, even along the lines for which our praise is now being given. We regret, for example, the part the national government is playing in Illinois politics and the senatorial contest in that state, and time and again there has been cause to grieve over his interference on the wrong side of the local fights Admitting his shortcomings, we reiterate that the prejudice against him among Washington correspondents is something against which people should be on their guard, and that, standing as he does on the whole for good, his wide popularity and power of reaching millions, and making them believe in him and in the doctrines which he is continually expounding, is one of the most valuable assets of present politics.

Whatever hostility to Mr. Roosevelt can be worked up will be used to the uttermost now by the forces of corrupt money privilege that are ranged against him. Whatever our criticisms, let us not forget the desperate contest which special privilege everywhere is prepared to wage at Washington—a contest in which, whoever may be right in this detail or that, on the whole the president is the most powerful champion of the vague but strong feeling of the people, that financial burdens are unequally distributed and need to be readjusted. In this contest, which will be a long and hard one, it will be the policy of the shrewd manipulators who are guarding their present "snaps" to take advantage of every one of Mr. Roosevelt's slips. Let those of us who wish justice everywhere, whatever interests fall, criticise him as freely as we would a holder of the humblest office, but let us not lose sight of the fact that the president's fiercest enemies are likewise enemies of us all. It is not a question of who is right on the Hepburn bill or on almost any other measure that may be before the country It is not a question of means but of ends and spirit that we are considering. The president's ends are justice and equality, and his strongest opponents are those whose ends are injustice and unequal rights.

HAD UNDERESTIMATED HIS MAN.

One Occasion When Landlord Failed To Reach Limit.

Fifty years ago the landlord of the hotel at Kingston Plains, N. H., was a man by the name of Hoyt. He kept an excellent house, but charged his guests on a sliding scale, graduated to their means or inclinations to pay; or, as he phrased it, "got as near the kicking limit as it was safe to."

One afternoon a prosperous looking stranger, with a fine equipage, drove up and registered for the night. Hoyt studied all night on what it would do to charge him, and when he prepared to depart, and asked for his bill, named a pretty stiff price.

The stranger paid the bill without a murmur, complimented the landlord on the excellence of his hostelry, asked him if he had any good cigars, invited him to join him in a smoke at his expense, and remarked that when he came that way again he should certainly stop with him.

As he drove away, the landlord looked after him until he passed from view, with a face in which the emotions of regret and chagrin were strongly depicted, and gave audible expression to his thoughts as follows:

"Gad, I guess he would have stood another half a dollar."

Life-Saving Dog.

How a mongrel dog, a common cur of the streets, saved a man's life is recorded by a Louisville newspaper. As its story goes, a man named Louis Carr was painting the rear of a vacant house.

When noon approached he was at work at the top of his ladder, just under the eaves. Being in haste to finish his work, and not wishing to spend time in going down to move the ladder, he stretched as far as possible to one side.

Just then he felt the ladder slipping away from him, and, as the only means of saving himself, he dropped his brush and seized the gutter with both hands. Down went the ladder, and there the painter hung, thirty-five feet from the ground.

He shouted for help, but no one heard him—no one but a dog, which came round the corner in answer to his cries.

Evidently the dog took in the situation at once. He barked furiously, winding up with a long howl. Then he ran out of the yard and across the street to a police station. There he barked again, and then ran back to the yard. He did this two or three times, till the policemen began to see that something was the matter, and followed him to the rear of the house.

Then it was but the work of a moment to put up the ladder and rescue the painter, who was ready to drop from exhaustion.

No owner could be found for the dog. Carr adopted him.

The Self-Reliant Man.

The man who wins his way has the ultimate advantage over the other whose path is cleared for him and whose rapid progress along it is an excursion personally conducted by a captain of industry. At least he understands the value of that which he has attained, and while more deserving of laudation than the easy winner is too busy to dwell upon this circumstance, to waste time in pleased contemplation of himself. And such greatness as he has is not a misfit.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHY THE STOVE WAS ELEVATED.

Professors Might Have Reasoned Long Without Success.

During the college days of ex-Mayor Bessom of Lynn he had two of the professors of the college as guests at a hunting camp in the Maine woods. When they entered the camp their attention was attracted to the unusual position of the stove, which was set on posts about four feet high.

One of the professors began to comment upon the knowledge woodsmen gain by observation. "Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof, and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove was in its regular place on the floor."

The other professor was of the opinion that the stove was elevated to be above the window, in order that cool and pure air could be had at night.

Mr. Bessom, being more practical, contended that the stove was elevated in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry.

After considerable argument each man placed a dollar bill upon the table, and it was agreed that the one whose opinion was nearest the guides' reason for elevating the stove should take the pool. The guide was called and asked why the stove was placed in such an unusual position.

"Well," said he, "when I brought the stove up the river I lost most of the stovepipe overboard, and had to set the stove up there so as to have the pipe reach through the roof."

He got the money.—Boston Herald.

Two Candle Charms.

Did you ever try to blow out a dozen candles at once? It is hard to do and funny to try, doubly so when the person trying is blindfolded.

Arrange twelve candles in a row—they can be slightly melted and stood on an old lacquered tray, or a better way is to put twelve nails point upward through a board, fastening a candle to each.

Then each person present is blindfolded in turn and told to blow out as many as possible in three trials. According to the number of candles left lighted will be the years before marriage.

Another candle charm is to run two needles which have never been used into a candle at right angles, naming one for yourself and another for a boy (or girl, if you are a boy). If the candle burns past the spot where the needles cross, then good luck will follow your friendship, but if not—well, don't worry about it, for it is all in fun, after all.